

FARMING IN THE SUBURBS

the mother of the high school girl
next door told me
that when her daughter saw us unloading
our canoe when we moved in
said, "Oh good, some earthy people!"
and i assume she wasn't being sarcastic

nowadays, 2 years later
i wander up & down the street
in my muddy cowboy boots
on trash day collecting everybody's bags
of leaves and grass
to use in my garden compost

yesterday, as Loud Jeanne
from across the street
told Janet out on the sidewalk
that "they" just bombed the World Trade Center
i was planting early peas
and not-so-tongue-in-cheek yells, "Hey what's
that weird guy doing in your front yard?"

standing with my tree book
a few doors down
identifying a particular conifer last summer
an older couple called the cops
evidently unaware
i'm one of the neighbors.

THE CASTRATION OF NATURE

our Fester is a domesticated cat
only partially wild
and now the veterinarian
has convinced Janet
that we should have him fixed
to put the kibosh on
any further "male behavior"
as he called it,
that could possibly lead to
having his other eye removed.

losing an eye
at age 3
is quite enough
without losing both balls also.